Hays City Free Press

HAYS CITY, - - - KANSAS.

Woman's Education.

Just as certain college professors and magazine writers are well under way in the work of proving that the higher education of women is all wrong and that the general system of female education is defective in that it does not teach women how to be good wives and mothers, along comes Dr. Lyman Abbott with the assertion that it is not the proper object of education to furnish a woman with a lantern wherewith to aid her in a search for a husband. "We have now got wholly away," says Dr. Abbott, "from the idea that the object of a woman's education is to make her a better ornament for the parlor or a more capable hired servant. A woman should no more be educated to be a wife and mother than a man should be educated to be a husband and father. She should be educated to be a woman, as a man is educated to be a man." Evidently, remarks the Baltimore American, the doctor does not count the occasional professors and the magazine writers in when he says "We." He means all the rest of the world.

Hope for Central America.

The international bureau of central American republics announces a commendable purpose. It is proposed to make uniform the civil, commercial and criminal legislation of the five signatory republics, to establish a uniform customs anud monetary system, and to work for the general development of commerce and industry. The success of the effort would be seriously doubted were reliance placed upon the stability of central American purpose alone. But, says the Boston Herald, back of this is the spirit of the international bureau of American republics, and particularly the governments of the United States and Mexico, each of which is determined, for selfish as well as unselfish interest, that constant turmoil in central America shall be checked. The five republics will be given a chance to work out their own salvation, and good government will be assured the moral backing of larger powers and more substantial support if necessary.

The Good-Will Habit.

A habit of holding a kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses; it encircles and enlarges the whole life. When we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them, if we have formed the good-will habit. In other words, says the New York Weekly, the kindly habit, the good-will habit, makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling, others will reflect it back to us. On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interest, our own comfort, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic and uninteresting.

Folly is a fertile plant and bears fruit for a long time. The French are discovering the truth of this in the demoralization of their navy. Mons. Gaston Thomson, the minister of marine, has resigned from the cabinet after the chamber of deputies condemned his department because of the explosion on the warship Iena, in 1907, when more than a hundred officers and men were killed. There have been more than 30 explosions on French warships within the past two years, and the officers and men are said to be completely demoralized. The demoralization, however, did not begin under the administration of Mons. Thomson, but under that of his predecessor, who issued regulations which destroyed discipline on the ships. For the good of all, the commander of a battleship, even more than the commander of a merchant vessel, must be an autocrat, and any policy which undermines his authority weakens the efficiency of the ship's crew.

If the Highland Park housewife who bought two gallons of water for floor polish will just drop in a couple of bars of soap and let it stand over night, says the Detroit News, she will have something that, with elbow grease ad lib., will just make her floors shine. P. S.—Slice the bars of soap.

An army officer in Washington was convicted of disorderly conduct on a street car, the evidence showing that it took five policemen to carry the belligerant officer to the hospital. The sentence of dismissal was commuted, and with reason, for a fighter like that would be a great loss in time of active service.

A German countess declares that wealth is a sin, and we may assume that being clean broke is also next to godliness.

A rich man in Pittsburg shot himself because, according to what he meant for his ante-mortem statement, he had too much money. There is small danger of the same cause's decimating the community. The billionaire and the pauper have this complaint in common—that they never have enough money.

The London suffragettes appear to have their fighting togs on, but the question is, did their husbands button 'em up the back for them?

Kathleen, the Embassadress

By Alan Sanders

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"Come in!"

My office door opened very gently, and a little face I knew well peeped round. In sheer astonishment I dropped my pen.

"Kathleen!" I said. "How in the world did you get down here? You're not by yourself, surely?"

"Oh, no; course, nursie's with me," and the blue eyes smiled at me so sweetly; "but she's gone shopping. I'm not to go till she comes for me."

"But what will mother and auntie say? They'll think you're lost."

"I'm too growed-up to get lost," she said, with a dignified little air.

I could not help smiling.

"Now, you little rogue," I said, "when I've helped you off with that pretty blue coat and hat I shall expect to be told why you've honored me with a visit to the city in business hours."

She settled herself sedately in a chair opposite to me, quite unconscious of the pretty picture she made with her mass of fair hair and sweet little face.

"It's a most 'portant visit," she said. "I've come to ask you to my party next We'n'sday."

"Indeed? I shall be delighted to come. So that's what brought you down here, is it?"

I had heard great tales about this party, but not from Kathleen. This was evidently her surprise for me.

"Shall I be expected to do anything in particular?" I asked.

"You'll have to make believe all the time, like you always do at our house."

This was certainly a candid statement. I wondered if the rest of the family shared the same view. I hoped not, because I was as a rule

"Then Mummie Was Wrong," She Said Triumphantly.

particularly serious after Kathleen had gone to bed.

"Auntie Merva will be there, of course," I ventured to suggest.

"'Course she will," replied Kathleen.

Then she made a tour of the room, came back and resumed her seat, and asked me seriously: "Is this where you play all by yourself in the daytime?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do."

"Do you keep your toys in those big tin boxes?"

"Well, they're not toys like those in your nursery."

"Do you sit here all by yourself, then?"

I nodded.

"And never feel lonely?"

"Sometimes," I said, smiling in spite of myself at the serious little face.

"I heard mummie tell daddy one day you were a lonely man."

"Oh!"

I was certainly hearing some home truths.

"But you won't be lonely when you come to my party, will you?"

"No, dear. I like to come as often as I can to your house," and I spoke the truth.

By this time Kathleen's nurse had returned—I expect she had been waiting outside all the time—and with strict injunctions "not to forget the party next We'n'sday," my little visitor kissed me good-by, and I tried to settle down to work again.

But a pair of blue eyes would keep dancing in front of me on my blotting-pad. Sometimes I thought they were Kathleen's, and sometimes I thought they were—some one else's. Kathleen's eyes and her Aunt Merva's were strangely alike. I had noticed it before.

The room seemed quite cheerless now that she had gone.

In the intervening days the postman left strange notes for me.

Sometimes the missives were stuck together with jujubes, but I had no difficulty in deciphering the signs. They read: "Don't forget the party next We'n'sday." As to the crosses—well, the most ignorant person knows what those mean in a letter.

"We'n'sday" came at last, and, of course, I went to the party. It was a great success. The house was turned upside down by a merry crowd of little folks who kept the fun going until long after they ought to have been in bed.

Kathleen queened it all very prettily, and after the last little guest had departed and the blue eyes could scarcely keep open, she persisted that she wasn't a little bit tired, "on'y hungry." That was a subterfuge she was always guilty of at bedtime.

Next day I saw Kathleen in the park, and we discussed the party.

"You were a funny man," she said.

I was glad to know that I had given satisfaction in this direction.

"Did you learn all those stories from pitsher books, or were they just make-believe?"

"Both," I said.

"And you didn't cry when you had to go home like little Charlie did, did you?"

I assured her that I was able to refrain from weeping.

"And you liked me the best of all the little girls there?"

"Of course, I did."

"Quite sure?" she said, coaxingly.

"Quite sure," I repeated.

"Then mummie was wrong," she said, triumphantly.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well when mummie and Aunt Merva came to say 'Good night,' I heard auntie say how fond you were of me, and mummie said: 'Yes, and I know some one else he's very fond of, too, or would be if she'd let him,' and auntie went quite funny, and said: 'Don't be ridiklus, Daisy—Daisy's what daddy calls mummie—but mummie only laughed and said: 'I don't think you're always kind to him.'"

Kathleen stopped to take breath after this long recital, and then went on: "So after mummie went downstairs, and auntie brought me a sweetie 'fore I fell 'sleep, I asked if it was true if you liked some little girl better'n me. Auntie said 'No,' and then I asked her if she wasn't always kind to you. Auntie said: 'P'r'aps not, sometimes.' Then I said she ought to love you like I did, 'cos you were lonely and had no nice little girl of your own like my daddy had. Then she stooped down to kiss me, and her cheek was quite wet, just as if she'd been crying. I've never seen Auntie Merva cry before."

There was a serious look in Kathleen's blue eyes.

"What made Auntie Merva cry, do you think?" she asked, quite distressed.

"I think I can guess," I said, and with a full heart I kissed the little upturned face.

Kathleen had told me something I wanted to know—something that I have been grateful to her for telling me, all my life.

Dryness of City Air.

It might be supposed that the heat of large towns would hasten evaporation and make their air moister, but recent observations abroad indicate the reverse. In northern Germany city air exceeds country air in relative humidity by six to nine per cent., according to season. This diminution in moisture is most marked in the evening and is more evident in summer than in winter, so that it can hardly be due to fires or to the condensation by smoke or vapors. The primary cause would appear to be the general drainage of the ground in cities. In the hot summer of 1904 country and town moisture were practically equal, a result probably due to the excessive drying of the soil in both city and country by the long drought.

Meant to Cheat the Dogs.

In a certain part of Scotland, according to Dean Ramsey, the shepherds used to take their collies with them to church. The dogs behaved well during the sermon, but began to be restless during the last psalm, and saluted the final blessing with joyful barks. In one church the congregation resolved to stop this unseemly detail; so, when a strange minister was about to pronounce the blessing, all remained seated instead of rising as he expected. He hesitated and paused, till an old shepherd cried: "Say awa', sir; we're a' sittin' to cheat the dowgs."

A Cruel Jest.

"Anyway," remarked Noah, as the ark began to float, "the folks that were threatened by forest fires ought to be thankful!"

FOOD PRODUCTION IS LARGE

United States Leads the World in the Fertility of Its Soil.

From the official and trade reports of various countries a writer has recently compiled statistics from which he draws the deduction that the United States produces annually larger quantities of nearly all the staple agricultural articles than any other country, and in many instances more than all others combined.

According to the writer, the United States produces per year more corn that all other countries—2,927,000,000 bushels out of 3,888,000,000; more wheat than any other country in the world—634,000,000 out of 3,180,000,000 bushels; more wheat flour than all other countries combined—15,000,000 out of 26,000,000 bushels; more oats than any other country—754,000,000 out of 3,582,000,000 bushels, more cotton than all other lands—13,000,000 out of 20,000,000 bales; and more flaxseed than any other country—25,000,000

It is also the largest exporter in the world of oilcake and oilcake meal—2,063,000,000 out of 4,913,000,000 pounds; of rosin—717,000,000 out of 846,000,000 pounds; and of turpentine—16,000,000 out of 24,000,000 gallons.

This country has 22,244,446 more dairy cows, 23,000,532 more horses, 4,056,399 more mules, 57,976,361 more swine and (except British India) 73,246,573 more cattle than any other country in the world.

Among other great crops of the United States are 308,038,000 bushels of potatoes, 529,400,000 pounds of rice, 927,256,430 pounds of manufactured beet sugar, and hay to the value of $743,000,000.

It Certainly Is.

"Most people," remarked the thoughtful thinker, "take life seriously."

"Well, there's no reason why they should not," replied the matter-of-fact person. "Taking life is a serious matter."

Hiding the Christmas Gifts

By J. M. WALCH

UH! looks something like snow, at that," said the man awaiting his turn at the barber shop, going to the door and looking out. "Beats the dickens what a short time there is between Fourth of July and Christmas, these years. I can remember the time when there was a stretch of about 14 years between the Fourth of July and Christmas, can't you, fellers? Why, Christmas'll be clomping along before we know it. Right now the time is drawing pretty close when a fellow will have to be mighty careful about opening bureau drawers when his wife is in the room if he doesn't want to be scared into a conniption when she notices what he's doing. Y'see, this is just about the beginning of the season when wives start to hiding the Christmas presents they've bought for their husbands. Funny gag, that, too. Just why wives will persist in hiding Christmas gifts in bureau drawers that are used in common by both a man and his wife, when there are so many sure-enough hiding places for such junk to be found, has always had me winging. But the women folks all do it, don't they?

"Then there's another thing about this Christmas present hiding business. Most men stick it out that women are the curious, inquisitive sex, don't they? Well, I don't believe it. In my opinion men are a whole heap more curious and inquisitive than women. Fact is, I know it.

"For instance, a husband, 'long about this season that's approaching, is groping around for a fresh shirt upon getting up in the morning. He yanks out the wrong drawer of the bureau. Well, on this morning he pulls out the bottom bureau drawer, say, and his wife, who is fixing her hair at the chiffonier in another part of the room, catches him in the act just in time, lets out her little squawk, and races over to the bureau and pushes the drawer shut.

"'So it's there, hey?' he says to her. 'Scuse me for living,' and then the mullethead goes on grinning like a chimpanzee while he brushes his hair. Then he turns to her.

"'Watchoo got in there, anyway?' he asks her.

"She tells him, with a grimace, and very properly, that it's none of his business. And she adds something about folks that 'rubber.'

"'But, say, g'wan and tell me whatchoo got in there, won't you?' he tries again, wheedlingly.

"Whereupon his wife makes mention of that feline that met an untimely end through curiosity.

"'That's all right about the cat,' says the husband then, 'but I'll bet you a new rubber plant that it's cigars that you've got in there.' And then he begins to look a bit alarmed. 'Say, I hope not, though. I'm thinking about swearing off smoking soon now, anyhow.'

"Of course, this statement is an unworthy invention of the moment; yet, when it comes to that, it would be sad if men were to be condemned eternally for attempting to head their wives off from presenting them with Yuletide cigars, wouldn't it?

"But this hint of his about the cigars doesn't get the least bit of a rise out of her. Not much. Nothing whatever doing in the conversational line on her part.

"'Oh, I'm a pinhead, sure enough,' her husband says then, after a pause, and still consumed and just eaten alive by curiosity. 'I might have known all the time that it's a shaving outfit. That's exactly what it is, for a sure thing.'

"However, his wife most carefully adjusts her side combs and quite refrains from talking. Then he sticks his hands into his trousers pockets and looks her over quizzically.

"'Aw, come on, now, like a good girl, and tell me if you've gone and got me that bath robe that we were looking at in the shop window the other afternoon,' he says to her in his most persuasive tone.

"'Say, Minnie, you might let a feller see what you've got tucked in there, at that.'

"Just compare the attitude of the average husband in this Christmas gift business with the position of his wife on that same subject. She doesn't really want to know what he is going to give her for Christmas. She wants to be 's'prised.'

"'Look, here, hun,' he says to her some morning along toward Christmas—usually he puts it off till about the last day, when everything is all picked over in the stores—'Look a-here, my dear, whatchoo want for Christmas, hey? It's up to you, you know?'

"'Why, the very idea!' she exclaims. 'Up to me! Preposterous! Why, it wouldn't be any Christmas gift at all if I told you what I wanted you to get for me.'

"'Oh, that's one way of looking at it,' he says. 'But, d'ye know, I was thinking about getting you—'

"'Sh-sh-sh! Stop!' she cries. 'Don't you dare tell me, Jack Gosling. Don't you dare!'

"All the same, she's foxy, at that. After a while an idea strikes her.

"'You know, of course, Jack,' she says, musingly, 'that if you are worried about the sizes of things, why, your sister Agnes and I wear exactly the same sizes in everything, and she—'

"'But, nix,' he breaks in. 'It isn't anything that comes in sizes. It's one of those—'

"And again her fingers go into her ears. The 's'prise' is the whole thing to her, and she is resolved not to hear in advance what he is thinking of getting for her.

"Now, if all this doesn't come pretty near proving that women are really less curious than men, then I dunno, I

Lessons from the Christmas Woman

By MARGARET SPENCER

TELL you we ought to cut it out this year," said the hard-up husband.

The Christmas woman put both hands on his shoulders. "We can't cut out Christmas, dear," she told him, gently. "But that five dollars which my brother gave me on my birthday is going to cover every cent I spend. They'll be just little remembrances."

"That's it," he answered, impatiently. "You'll keep it up, one way or another, and at the last minute I'll feel mean if I don't get into the game and squander a lot of money on presents."

He closed the door and went away. By the time he had boarded the car for town he knew that she was right.

But the Christmas woman didn't know that he was thinking this.

She was busy in her own room, where, on a work table, lay a white shirt waist pattern stamped with a graceful design for embroidering. She had bought it for 50 cents, marked down from one dollar because it was the last. Her plan was to transfer its design to other pieces of cloth which she had in the house and so evolve three shirt waists, stamped for embroidering, to bestow on the three nieces, who liked to embroider. And all for 50 cents!

But the Christmas woman had just begun work, trying bravely to forget the hard-up husband's last words, when she was called downstairs to see the perfectly discouraged person, whose plaint was after this fashion:

"Oh, dear! It's nothing to me how many 'shopping days' there are to Christmas. I can't buy a thing."

"But, my dear," said the Christmas woman, "think what you can make out of that luxurious box of pieces you showed me the other day!"

Thereupon she poured forth many suggestions about aprons and holders and shoe bags and top collars—enough to inspire a church bazar.

"Oh, yes, but everything you make costs a little for ribbon or something," the perfectly discouraged person concluded, at the end of her depressing call. "I wish Christmas was past!"

Then she went straight home, pulled out her box of pieces, pondered over the Christmas woman's suggestions, schemed out a plan for saving a little money here and there, and then fell to work on her Christmas presents with new courage.

But that Christmas woman didn't know this.

She was getting at her own work again. This time she worked for fully five minutes undisturbed, then another visitor claimed her—this time the tired-to-death woman, who couldn't get away from her teething baby to go shopping, or to take one stitch on Christmas presents.

"Give me your list, and I'll shop for you," the Christmas woman volunteered.

"Mercy! I couldn't possibly tell what I want without seeing things," the tired-to-death woman protested.

Not until she was well on her way down the street did she realize that, with a little planning, she might shop by proxy after all. The idea, once it had penetrated her mind, pleased her so much that she was smiling like a really rested woman when she reached home and sat down to make out her list.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

"Have I called you downstairs when you were doing something important?" the dead-broke girl was asking of the Christmas woman by that time. "I'm sorry if I have, but I had to tell you my troubles. I'm in debt up to my ears. I haven't any right to give Christmas presents this year. I'm going to be cross until December 26."

"Oh, no!" the Christmas woman protested. "Why, keeping cheery is one kind of giving! And at least you can write Christmas letters."

"Why, who cares for those?" was the cynical answer.

Yet an hour later, at her desk, the dead-broke girl was busily writing Christmas letters, filling them with borrowed sweetness and humming a happy tune as the words flowed from her pen.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

She had gone back to her room for the third time—to find her work table empty. In vain she searched for the shirt-waist cloth.

"Bridget," she called at last, "have you taken anything out of my room?"

Bridget was washing the windows. "Only the clean rags for polishin' the glass, mum," she answered. "You said they'd be on your table."

The Christmas woman cast one glance at a pile of ragged pillow cases intended for Bridget's use and another at the besmirched shirt-waist material with which the window was being rubbed.

"Oh!" she began. But at sight of Bridget's sorry face she caught herself. "Never mind, Bridget," she added. "Don't feel bad about it."

"Feel bad! Me?" echoed the astonished girl. The look in her eyes was full of admiration. "Sure, now, this is the first place I ever worked where the lady didn't get cross before Christmas!"

This time the Christmas woman knew.

With great gladness, because she had carried the message to one heart, she said, softly:

"Oh, but, Bridget, what do three little presents matter? It's joy that we must give!"

A Sordid Soul.

Jinks—Of all mean, grasping men, I think Minks is the worst. I don't believe he ever gets his thoughts off of dollars and cents.

Blinks—What has he been doing?

Jinks—He's been asking me for a paltry ten dollars I borrowed of him

A Newsboy's Merry Christmas

By D. M. EDWARDS

T WAS Christmas night and Patsey Higgins was "stuck"—that is, he had more papers than he could sell. With a small bundle under one arm and hands thrust deep in his pockets he strolled up Broadway in the happy Christmas crowds. Through the diamond frosted windows of the restaurants he could see the diners within laughing and animated over their holiday banquets.

He jingled a handful of pennies and nickels in his pocket and wondered how in the world a boy with a stock of unsold papers on his hands and only 22 cents with which to have his Christmas feast, keep him through the night and start him in business the next morning, had much chance to be so very happy.

As he plodded aimlessly across Forty-third street a big man, hulking of shoulder, lantern jawed and deep chested, lumbered out of a gambling house near by and swung into Broadway. Grumbling about "hitting me pretty hard" and "never had any luck in my life," he plowed his way across the sidewalk, lunging against any one whose path lay across his. He bowled through a line of mincing men and women who blocked the sidewalk in front of an all night restaurant, scattering them like tenpins and making no apologies. Blind to everything but his own ill luck, he noticed nothing until he came upon a disheveled and boisterous man holding a newsboy and trying to take his papers from him.

"What th' 'ell y' doin'?" growled the gambler, as he gave the unsteady man a quick punch and tumbled him into a pile of dirt, allowing the lad to dart out of harm's way, yelling in glee at the fallen tyrant.

"Y' big stiff," threatened the gambler, as he leaned over the man, "if y' peep another word I'll wring yer head off. Git up now an' go home t' your wife— An' I s'pose you'll beat her t' git even," he commented, as he turned away.

A few blocks further he heard a voice at his elbow:

"Say, mister, I want t' thank y' fer helpin' me when that dude pinched me papers."

"Run along, sonny; don't let it worry y' none."

"I want t' give y' a paper, mister."

"Trot!" returned the other, curtly.

"Please take a paper, mister," persisted the lad, running along beside the man and holding out his bundle, "'cause, gee! we don't of'en have folks help us like you done. I'm stuck tonight, anyway, an' have got plenty to spare."

The gambler stood still and sniffed the air as if at that moment, for the first time, he had caught the infection of the Christmas atmosphere.

"Pretty tough on some of you kids," he said. "Here, take this and go blow yourself," he added, as he pulled a greenback from his pocket, pressed it into the boy's hand and continued on his way.

"I ain't askin' you fer money," called Patsey, tagging along in the man's wake. "I jes' wanted t' give you a paper for helpin' me."

The gambler made no reply, but walked on all the faster. He had gone a block further and evidently thought himself rid of the boy, when the latter suddenly piped out again:

"Please take yer money back, will yer—"

"Aw, beat it!" said the gambler, savagely.

Patsey stopped. He watched the form of his big man fade into the darkness and then looked at the crumpled greenback in his hands.

"Gee, wouldn't dat mos'ly crimp yer?" he mused as he turned back into the canyon of electric lights and headed for a place where he knew he would find cranberry sauce, steamed dumplings and mince pie at newsboy rates.

SURPRISED THE POSTMAN.

Expected a Christmas Present Which He Didn't Get.

It was the day after Christmas, and the hardworking postman ploughed his way through snow and cold winds, a sack of unusual size on his back.

He ascended the spacious steps of a West-end residence, and in answer to his ring a manservant in rich livery appeared.

"Wait a moment, please," said the servant, as he took the letters. "The mistress wishes to speak to you."

The postman's eye brightened. It was the holiday season. He had done his duty with fidelity. Now, no doubt, in recognition of his regular and faithful—

"I shall be glad," he said politely, "to await your mistress' pleasure."

In a few minutes the lady appeared.

"Are you,' she asked, "our regular postman?"

"Yes, madam," he answered, bowing.

"Do you come in the morning?"

"Yes, madam."

"And in the afternoon and evening?"

Again he assented, smiling eagerly Then the lady said:

"Well, was it you who broke our bell?"

France as a Cotton Producer.

France ranks fifth in the manufacture but third in the export of cotton goods. In 1907 such exports totalled a value of $62,863,120. Havre is the great cotton import center for France and is the most convenient port to the spinning mills which lie mainly in Normandy and French Flanders. The raw cotton consumption in 1907 was 542,000,000 pounds of which the United States supplied 437,000,000